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NOT THE GLORY OF CESSAR BUT THE WELFARE OF HOME.

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A PARABLE.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Worn and foot-sore was the Prophet
When he reached the holy hill;
"God has left the earth," he murmured,
"Here his presence lingers still."
"Hear me, guide of my fathers,
Lo, an humble heart is mine;
By thy mercy I beseech thee,
Grant thy servant but a sign."
Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air:
But the soft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And from out the rock's hard bosom
Sprang a tender violet.
"God!" "I thank thee," said the Prophet,
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy."
"Still thou speakest with thy children
Freely as in olden time,
Humbleness and love and patience
Give dominion over Time."
"Had I trusted in my nature,
Like to this as I am now,
Thou thyself wouldst have sought me,
And set free my spirit's wings."
"But I looked for signs and wonders
That o'er men should give away;
Thou art to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay."
"Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved of my heart;
"In her hand she held a flower
Like to this as I am now,
Which beside my very threshold
She had plucked and brought to me."

BOYS AND GIRLS.

The times have indeed sadly changed.—
One entire portion of human life is struck
out. It is now babyhood or manhood.
There is no conservative state—(we do not
speak politically.) Once there were inter-
mediate states of boyhood—bare-footed and
bean-porridge eating state—a spelling and
cyphering period—where there were boys
to do the chores and go errands—when ap-
prentices were in fashion, and the line
between boyhood and manhood well de-
fined by the "freedom suit." But there are
no such things now. The child steps out
of his diaper and frock into a long-tailed
coat, and high-heeled boots. He exchanges
the nipple for the cigar. Not one of the
present generation has ever seen a real, bona
fide "nine-day-old" pot of bean por-
ridge; Noah Webster's spelling book is
crowded out of school by high works on
philosophy and metaphysics. There are no
apprentices now. Young men take a few
lessons in the trade they fancy, and set up
for themselves.

But the present generation is as destitute
of girls as of boys. It is either baby or
lady—clout or "bustle"—nursery or parlor.—
The mother tends her infant, or waits upon
her daughter. Instead of spinning flax for
their father's shirt, they reel silk for the
ladies' fair; and instead of knitting stockings
and mending trousers for their brothers, they
work lace and make stays for themselves.—
The mother milks, churns, mends, washes
and irons, and the daughters—the "ladies"—
read novels, dress, and make and receive
calls. They make parties, instead of pud-
dings, and cook by the book, rather than
from knowledge.

We should be delighted to see a generation
of boys and girls—in looks, actions, and
dress—we should then hope for health and
strength, industry and sobriety, frugality and
economy, prosperity and happiness. We
go for protection to this class of our commu-
nity. Every father should impose a tariff,
one that should amount to an entire prohibi-
tion, on the introduction of fashionable fol-
lies into the family. He should protect and
enforce home industry. He and his wife
and children should enter into a "Home
League" on the subject. This is the tariff
that will restore confidence. This is the
bank that will freely discount and never sus-
pend.—*Alexandria Index.*

CRITICISM.—The editor of the *Nashua*,
N. H. Telegraph has lately "been down to
Boston," where he heard the celebrated
Jane Sloman perform on the piano. He
closes a somewhat rhapsodical criticism up-
on her in this wise:—

"For brilliancy and rapidity of execution
she seems a miracle almost. However, it
only shows to what an immense extent any
one human faculty may be improved—per-
haps she can't make a pudding!"

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—In the mountains
of Tyrol, hundreds of the women and chil-
dren come out when it is near bed time, and
sing their national songs, until they hear
their husbands, fathers and brothers answer-
ing them from the hills, on their return home.
On the shores of the Adriatic Sea, the wives
of the fishermen come down to the beach
about sunset, and sing a melody from *Tasso's*
Gerusalemme Liberata. They sing the first
verse, and then listen for some time; they
then sing the second verse and listen until
they hear the answer come from the fish-
ermen, who are thus guided by the sounds
to their own village.

BOASTING.—Make up your mind never to
be outdone by a boaster. If such a one says,
with an air of superiority, that he keeps a
yacht, directly affirm that you have a man of
war of your own private property. It is es-
pecially serviceable to drop as much below the
mark as to soar above it; and when you hear
a "fine" man at an evening party lamenting
aloud that his fellow has not brought his cab,
be very polite, and tell him you expect your
private truck every moment, when part of it
is at his service.

UT GIRLS, remember that the man who bows,
smiles, and says many soft things to you, has no
genuine love; while he who loves most sincerely,
struggles to hide the weakness of his heart,
and frequently appears decidedly awkward.

Every advance of science increases the
amount of social happiness.

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

BY MISS VIRGINIA DEPOSE.

From the Lady's Book.
"Harry, what is the use of your fiddling
away there all the evening, when you might
just as well be reading some useful book, or
learning some useful art?"
"Good brother, don't fret. My fiddling
does not disturb you. You have such a
power of fixing your attention, that you can
study your book just as well when I am
playing a dancing tune here in this room, as
you can when I am a mile off. It does not
disturb you at all."
"Granted. We settled that matter long
ago. The cheerful sounds of the instru-
ment inspire without disturbing me. I
think on the whole I get on rather better
when you are in the room, especially as you
are always willing to give me a lift when I
come across anything I don't understand."
"Well then, why do you fret?"
"It is not on my account, but on your
own. It seems to me that you are wasting
your time to practice so much as you do.—
You play in a masterly manner now; and
by employing all your evenings in study,
you might learn a great deal that would be
of some practical use to you as a farmer."

"Oh, I like to mangle the agreeable with
the useful, to fiddle nine-eighths of the even-
ing, and study the remaining fifth, as Patrick
O'Dougherty says. Besides, who knows
but fiddling may be useful to me some time
or other. I may live to get my bread by it."
Poor Harry Duncan! he little thought
that his "words would ever come true."
He was a light hearted, volatile, generous
youth, the destined heir of a rich uncle,
the favorite son of his father, a flourishing
farmer in Ayrshire. There was not a more
prosperous youth in all Scotland. Not even
his staid and studious brother James was
more highly esteemed in their native village.
All hearts warmed at the sight of his merry
face and the ring of his cheerful laugh; and
right prosperously did he go on for many a
long year. He inherited his uncle's estate,
a fine, well stocked farm, and was at once
placed in a state of complete independence.

James, who had not the naturally fine
parts and popular address of his brother,
was one of your persevering, plodding
youth, who while his brother was learning
to play upon the violin, was seriously ad-
dressing himself to the study of scientific
agriculture. He learned a great many things
respecting the chemistry of soils and plants
and the alternation of crops, by studying at-
tentively every new work which came out
on either of these subjects; and finally be-
came satisfied that he could increase very
greatly the products of any farm of which
he might have the care. On proposing some
of his improvements to his father, he
found it much easier to convince one's self of
the possibility of a scheme, than to induce
others to adopt it. The old farmer was
highly indignant at his son's presuming to
teach him the art which he had been all his
life practising; and he continually told him
to carry his "book notions" to another
market. Being a rather high spirited youth,
and of age, at the time this ungracious speech
was made, James took his father at his
word and began to make preparations for
leaving home. This was just after the de-
cease of the uncle, who had left not only his
real estate, but all his personal property to
Harry.

Coming into his brother's room one morn-
ing and finding him packing his trunk very
diligently, he accosted him with "Hallo!
what now! going a journey?"
"Yes, Harry, a long one," said James, so-
berly.
"Indeed! what has started you off now,
brother, and whither are you going?"
"I will tell you, Harry," he said, closing
his trunk, and sitting composedly down on
the lid.
"You must know that this morning, hav-
ing respectfully suggested to father some
change in manuring that field which is in-
tended for wheat next season, he took my
remarks in high dudgeon, scolded away half
an hour at me, blamed me for pretending to
learn farming from books, and finally told
me I had better take my book notions to an-
other market. Now, as I can do that thing,
I think on the whole, I will!"

"Oh, no, brother, you will not do so hasty
and unkind a thing. You will think better
of it."
"Harry I hate to leave you—that's a fact.
We have been more than brothers. We
have always been friends. But go I must—"
Harry put both hands to his face, bowed
down his head on the table, and wept like a
child. Tears filled the eyes of James, too,
but he was firm in his purpose. Recov-
ering in some measure from his agitation,
Henry said, "Where do you purpose to go,
and how are you provided for the adventure?"

"I mean," replied James, "to go to Amer-
ica, and I have money enough to pay my
passage and support me a year after my ar-
rival."
"What is your plan of operation?"
"I mean to earn money enough to buy
some land; and then I will see if there is
any virtue in my book notions."

"I pray you, James, do not act so hastily,
so madly. There is no occasion for it.—
Stay with us. You will share the same as
myself what my father may leave. There
are but two ways. Why part? Why be a
wanderer and an exile, when you have a
comfortable home, and a good prospect of
future independence before you?"
"It is of no use to talk about it, Harry,"
replied James, who in fact expected nothing
but way of inheritance from his father, but
still had too much delicacy to wound his
brother by saying so. "You know I love
you, Harry, and would gladly stay with you,
but I know also where I am going and what
I will do."

"At least, then," said Harry, "if you will
go, let me smooth your way a little." And
so saying he sat down and wrote a check for
all the ready money in his banker's hands,
the hoarded savings—in fact nearly all the
personal estate of a kind uncle, amounting
to a sum which would suffice to purchase his
brother a fine tract of fertile land in Amer-

ica. This he handed to James the moment
he had signed it.
"I cannot take it, Harry."
"You must—you shall take it. I will
take no denial. Fortune has been unjust to
you, James. My uncle did not know your
worth, my father does not know it. No one
knows you but myself. I will not see you
go abroad like a beggar or a mere laboring
adventurer. Take this money and buy
yourself a farm. I believe in your ability
to distinguish yourself in the country to
which you are going, by your skill and sci-
ence in agriculture. You will do honor to
the family and the name, if you have fair
play; and have it you shall."

"I can get along without this money,
Harry, and I do not like to rob you."
"It is no robbery. It is a free gift. Or,
if you are too proud for that, call it a loan,
and when you are perfectly able to do so
you may repay it."
"But I may be shipwrecked—"
"You must provide against loss from that
cause. You must take it, James. You are
my only brother; I could never answer it to
my conscience, if I were to allow you to go
away without providing as amply as I can
for your well being. I have enough and
more than enough for myself."

Thus urged, James received the money,
and, an hour after, left the paternal mansion
forever.

Years rolled on. Harry married, had a
fine family of children growing up around
him, and all was going on prosperously;
when his easy disposition—his unwillingness
to say no! led him into a series of embar-
rassments which brought him to the brink of
ruin. In consequence of becoming security
for a friend who was engaged in extensive
commercial speculations, he was compelled
to sell the fine estate which he had inherited
from his uncle, and take shelter for him-
self and his family in the homestead of his
father, now far advanced in life. The de-
cease of the old man soon after this event,
once more raised him to consequence, by
giving him a second inheritance, James hav-
ing been passed over in the final disposition
of his father's property.

Things went on prosperously for many
years, and Harry had passed the middle
period of life, when being engaged one day
in overseeing the workmen on his farm, he
was surprised by a sudden shower, and tak-
ing shelter under a tree, he was struck blind
and reduced to premature decrepitude by
lightning. At forty he had all the appear-
ance of an old man. His misfortune ended
not here. A succession of bad crops soon
ran him deeply in debt, and he found him-
self once more obliged to sell his farm to
satisfy his creditors. A kind letter which
he had received some months before from
James, determined him to join his brother
in America, and try with the few hundred
pounds which still remained to him, to re-
trieve his fortunes in that distant land.

He accordingly embarked for Philadel-
phia with his wife and two youngest chil-
dren; but ill fortune still pursued him. The
ship was wrecked on the coast of New Jer-
sey, and although the crew and passengers
were saved, the trunk which contained his
money was lost, and he found himself on a
strange shore in a completely destitute con-
dition.

Fortunately, his good spirits never de-
serted him. Although blind and destitute,
his courage and fortitude were unabated.—
He found shelter for himself and family in
the house of a kind hearted farmer; and
among the few effects which were saved
from the wreck was one trunk which con-
tained the same violin on which he had been
accustomed to play in the happy days of his
youth. When it was brought to him, he
grasped it cheerfully, and exclaimed, "With
this I may be enabled to find my brother's
residence without being dependent on the
kindness of charity." His performance on
the instrument was, in fact, so skilful, that
the villagers, won by his sweet tones, and
his sympathies for his misfortunes, got up a
little concert, which gave him money enough
to commence his journey towards the in-
terior of Pennsylvania, where he hoped to
find his brother. And so he travelled on
from town to town, a poor blind fiddler, pit-
ied and relieved indeed, but still very poor
and destitute, knowing not in the morning
where he should lay his head at night; and
as he sought anxiety he was of affection for
his suffering family.

When he arrived at the town from which
James's last letter had been dated, he learned
to his dismay, that his brother had sold his
property there and emigrated to the west.—
No one could tell in what part of the country
he had settled; but he expressed an intention
to buy a farm in Illinois. "Slowly and sad-
ly" did poor Harry resume his journey.—
Days and weeks did he toil on, until at last
he told him that he had arrived in the State
of Illinois. But it was a great State, and
he still wandered on vainly inquiring after
his lost brother, until the hope of finding his
abode almost died within him.

Towards the close of a chill autumn day,
he found himself in the kitchen of a large
farm house into which he had been invited
in order to regale the children with a few
tunes on his violin. It was a scene of rustic
comfort. A cheerful fire blazed upon the
hearth, to which his little boy hastened for
the purpose of warming himself. The
children of the farmer danced about the room,
in eager anticipation of the music, till the
poor fiddler had drawn forth his instrument
from its case and began to play, when its full
sounding tones soon stilled the tumult. Two
little girls stood before the performer, with
pleased attention, one with folded hands,
and the other with one hand on her lips and
the other holding the reins attached to the lit-
tle car-load of playthings half forgotten behind
her. The elder leaned over the back of her
mother's chair, sheltered by which the little
boy, the wag of the family, executed a trav-
esty of the fiddler's motions, with a fire shovel
and a pair of bellows. The mother held up
on her lap an infant whose interest in the
music the father endeavored to increase by
snapping his fingers for castanets. The poor
fiddler's wife had her infant too, in her lap,
and wretched as her condition was, she seem-

ed to sympathize in the pleasure imparted to
the farmer's family by her husband's music.
The old farm servant stood with his back to
the fire, gazing apathetically upon the whole
scene. The group was a subject for a painter.
Hitherto the fiddler had played the nation-
al tunes of the country, Washington's March,
the Star Spangled Banner, &c., in compli-
ance to the supposed taste of his auditors;—
but he now began an old favorite air, which
had been the delight of his youthful days, the
Yellow Haired Laddie. Suddenly the joyful
chirruping of the farmer to his little one
ceased, the castanets were no longer heard
snapping. As the notes of "linked sweet-
ness long drawn out" fell upon his ear, the
farmer stood still and gazed upon the per-
former, wrapped in other scenes, carried back
as we are all wont to be, by old tunes to old
times. At length the music ceased.

"Pray, my good man," said the farmer,
"where did you learn that tune?"
"In bonny Ayrshire, sir."
"I never heard it played in that style be-
fore, save by one hand which is far enough
from here. In Ayrshire, did you say?"
"Tell me—what is your name?"

"I am called poor Harry, the blind fid-
dler, but in my prosperous days, I was blithe
Harry Duncan."
"That I should ever live to see you thus,
Harry," cried the farmer, flinging himself
into the arms of the astonished blind man,
in a passionate burst of tears—"it is your
brother James that embraces you! Why,
oh! why do I see you thus?"

"Ah Jamie," replied Henry, adopting for
the once the phraseology of the humbler
peasantry of his country, a little of his old
humor returned even at this touching mo-
ment, "ye ken I told ye yonny a time, lang
syne, that my fiddle might one day be the
means of winning my bread!"

"Well," replied James, recovering a little
at this sally, "I think the prophecy has been
sufficiently fulfilled. You shall no longer fid-
dle for your bread, Harry." And he was
as good as his word. James's superior skill
in the application of sound science to agri-
culture had made him immensely rich al-
though he retained his original simple style
of living. He had long ago repaid his brother's
generous loan; but his gratitude for
that favor and his true affection conspired to
make him place Henry and his family beyond
the reach of want the remainder of their days.

Subterranean Fires—The Cause.

The disappearance of a small pond of
water in Missouri during the recent Earth-
quake, and the issuing of a stream from a
hole at the bottom, has called forth the fol-
lowing remarks by a correspondent of the
Journal of Commerce:

During the shakes of the earthquake in
the winter of 1811 and 12, a person walking
near the banks of the Muskingum River, in
Ohio, discovered smoke issuing from an
opening in the ground; he examined the
spot, but his cane down in the opening, and
it immediately took fire. He was much
alarmed, and on his return to town related
the circumstance. The Legislature of the
State were then in session at Zanesville, and
immediately adjourned to view the phenom-
enon. The report spread rapidly through the
village until it reached the ears of an old gen-
tleman, who immediately explained the
matter. He had the year previous burnt a
kiln of lime on and against the bank, which
continued to burn under ground, and the
violence of the earthquake had thrown down
much of the bank of the river as to cause the
opening. An examination of the ground
proved that the old gentleman was right in
his conjectures. Subterranean fires feeding
upon bituminous coal may have produced
the phenomena spoken of in the St. Louis
paper, and the subterranean fuel may have
been kindled by electric fluid.

Shakes are very frequent near St. Louis,
and more particularly near Shawneetown,
Illinois.—At the United States salines in
that neighborhood shakes are felt almost
every year. During the shakes in 1811 and
'12 at New Madrid, bituminous coal was
thrown up in large quantities at that place.
Liquid Petroleum, which is very combusti-
ble, is found in boring for salt water through
the regions of country west of the Alleghana
Mountains, and in many places it comes to
the surface in the shape of Mineral Tar
Springs. Immense quantities of Carbureted
Hydrogen gas also issues from some of the
salt wells of the West, and from numer-
ous springs termed burning springs. The
different Virginia springs possess every de-
gree of temperature, from that of the heat of
boiled water down to the temperature of fifty-
two degrees.

The increased temperature is entirely lo-
cal, as appears from all the investigations
which have been made in the western States.
The Carbureted Hydrogen Gas is set on
fire at the Kenhwa Salines, and at the burn-
ing springs in Virginia by the inhabitants, to
afford visitors the opportunity of witnessing
the phenomenon.

Beneath the earth's surface in many loca-
tions are vast quantities of carbureted hy-
drogen gas, and also burning bodies which
have become ignited from chemical causes
fully understood.—These subterranean fires
produce in the course of time intense heat,
displacing vast bodies of solid matter, until
perilance a body of water is thus reached,
which on coming in contact with the liquid
fire becomes converted into steam. This
must either find vent by some terrific explo-
sion, or be condensed by a force of pressure
which must shake the earth for an immense
distance around.

The effects of earthquakes are quite vari-
ous; sometimes the motion is vertical, throw-
ing buildings upwards; at other times the mo-
tion is horizontal.

It is a wonder that earthquakes are not
more frequent, and more disastrous.

A clergyman was censuring a young
lady for tight lacing—"Why," replied Miss
"you could not surely recommend loose hab-
its to your parishioners." The clergyman
smiled.

The poorest of all family goods are indolent
females.

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE IN RUSSIA.

The behaviour of the attendants is polite and
courteous; every fresh patient is received
very respectfully, and first taken into the so-
ciety of the most rational of the lunatics, who
have likewise acquired the same tone of po-
liteness. Here it is shown the interesting
collections and productions of art; refresh-
ments are brought him; he is invited to a
game at billiards or backgammon, or may
converse if he likes it better; he is indulged
in every thing as far as possible, and thwarted
only in that which might be hurtful to him.
Employment, the beauties of nature, pleas-
ant society, and recreation; and, on the other
hand, darkness, solitary confinement, and
ennui, are the principal engines employed to
excite and to encourage, to soothe and to
tame. Next day, therefore, the new comer
is conducted to the work-rooms of the pa-
tients, where they are engaged in carpenter's
and pasteboard work, spinning, knitting, sew-
ing, embroidery, &c., and asked whether he
likes any of those occupations. If he takes
a fancy to one or the other of them, pains are
taken to teach him, as it were in play; but
if he shows and continues to show an aver-
sion to all kinds of bodily exertion, intellectu-
al employment, is allowed to take a cure, he
is led out of the work-rooms, lest as it is ob-
served, the industrious gentlemen there should
be disturbed, and taken to a solitary apart-
ment, where sometimes he is attacked ere
long by ennui. If he complains of it, he is
led back to the work-rooms, and repeatedly
invited to join in some of the operations go-
ing forward there, with a promise that he
shall then join in the tea-parties also. If he
is not susceptible of ennui in the light room,
and persists in apathy or begins to be violent,
he is shut up in the cushioned room, from
which even the most outrageous soon wish to
be released, because the very maddest per-
sons feel the need of light in their wildest un-
dertakings, and darkness seems intolerable
even to the most frenzied imagination.

The Russians, from their sanguine tem-
perament, are most liable to fits of raving
madness. The Fins, a thick-blooded and
choleric race, are more subject to melancholy
and idiosyncrasy, which, latter occurs very rarely
among the Russians. But the Lettors, poet-
ic, good-natured, childlike, and frequently
childish people, furnish in general only harm-
less lunatics. We saw several Russians in
strait waistcoats. At almost every farm-
house in Livonia and Courland, you met with
a Lettish lunatic, bedizened with ribbons,
flowers, glass beads, and other finery, who
fancies himself a general or an emperor, and
yet, decorated, with all the insignia of his
station upon him, good-naturedly condescends
to employ himself in cleaving wood and
fetching water.

A particular diary is kept about every patient; also con-
cerning his work, for which a small sum is
allowed him, that the insane seeing the pro-
fit accruing from labor may be incited to
greater industry.—Most of the men employ-
ed themselves with pasteboard work, a trade
which is easily learned, and the products of
which, as they speedily lead to some results,
are not long in affording pleasure and profit.
Of the 130 patients in the house, in 1835,
fifty were dismissed, half of them cured, and
the other half, as incurable, delivered up to
their friends, at the desire of the latter; and
twenty-four died in the course of the year.—
Khol's Russia and the Russians in 1842.

WILLIAM MILLER.

We re-publish the following from the Ben-
nington Vt. State Banner. It is the latest
news from this monomaniac and his where-
abouts. His last fancy sketch will confirm
his followers and amuse the curious. It seems
the parson is gradually edging off his fol-
lowers from indulging too high expectations of
the month of April.

"This gentleman arrived in this village, and
commenced a course of lectures on his fa-
vorite and celebrated theme,—the Destruc-
tion of the World by Fire in A. D., 1843,
on last Sunday week, the 22d inst., when
he continued through the week, delivering
two lectures each day, generally to full au-
diences. During his first lecture he gave
substantially the following description of the
MANNER of the Second Advent.

"A small bright spot will first appear in
the east, which will gradually expand as it
approaches the earth. By and bye, a small
cloud will appear before the luminous ball,
and between it and the earth. On this cloud
will be seen the Son of Man, standing erect,
his figure plainly visible to the spectators
on the earth. At the sound of a trumpet
(or some other signal,) the bright spot
having gradually illuminated the whole
heavens, the righteous dead shall rise from
their resting places—and the risen and liv-
ing saints shall together be caught up and
meet the Saviour in the air, when they will
instantly be changed and clothed with im-
mortality. The Saviour will then present
them to the Father, whose presence is de-
noted by this luminous mass, perfect, with-
out spot or wrinkle. The Father will then
outspoke the Saints, by the marriage covenant,
as a bride to the Son. They will then be
constituted the New Jerusalem, and togeth-
er with the Saviour, will descend to the earth,
which during their absence has been purified
by fire, and the wicked burned up, where
the Saints will dwell with Christ forever.

"The time of this phenomenon he main-
tains will be during the current year. Not
having been very prompt in our attendance,
we are unable to give any general descrip-
tion of his lectures. Most are familiar with
his method of reckoning time and of inter-
preting prophecies. His style is egotistical
and dogmatical. These faults may result
somewhat from old age.

"The Parson is a large, thick-set person-
age, something over 60, and stands on his
feet about five feet ten. He has a large
head, and a large square full face, with small
blue eyes, a small nose, light complexion,
and light hair. He is earnest and vehement
in his delivery and frequently intersperses
his argument with episodes in which he
sometimes puts in the "rich folks" against
the clergy who oppose his system, and some-

times administers some very wholesome ex-
hortations to sinners and unbelievers, in
general. He is afflicted with a shaking or
trembling which is so considerable that the
motion of his head and hands can be observ-
ed across the house. He seems to be vastly
satisfied with the accuracy of his theory,
although he failed to impress the same con-
fidence upon us, and a large portion of the
community. Still, that might not have been
his fault. The old gentleman has a good
fund of historical and biblical information,
and a very retentive memory. The only
fault which we should urge against it, is that
he sometimes seemed to remember too much.
However, we will not insist on that.

Deeming it our duty, as public chroni-
clers, to take some notice of the presence
of so noted a personage as the parson, we
have given above, what little we saw and
heard of him as the fairest and most proper
notice we could take of him.

AN ANECDOTE.

From the Richmond Enquirer.
The energies of the Northern character are
inexpressible—their ingenuity and tact, be-
yond expression. I beg leave to state an
anecdote, by way of illustration—and to
catch a portrait, as it fits before me.

I was called down to see a stranger this
morning—and he appeared before me as a
tall, smooth faced, ruddy complexioned
young gentleman, with a sweet, soft voice—
tall but slim, polite without affectation. He
had a large portfolio under one arm, and a
bundle of books in the other. A neat cap
lay on the chair. I saw at one glance that
he was an agent for some print or bookseller
—and that he had a world of notions, at his
disposal.

With a graceful but unstudied bow, he be-
gan his operations. "Can not I prevail up-
on you, Sir, to subscribe to this beautiful col-
lection of sermons? It is much celebrated,
though I suppose you have heard of it be-
fore." It was the "National Preacher," a
coming out periodically in No. 3's. I declined
his proposition. "Well, Sir, perhaps you
would prefer another Christian work," I nam-
ed it, as he touched his portfolio. I again
declined, pleading hard times as my reason.

"Well, Sir, here are a large number of por-
trraits of distinguished men—very cheap!"—
My eye lit upon the half bust profiles of Ty-
ler, Benton, &c. I waved my hand by way
of refusal. "Perhaps, Sir, you would prefer
Mr. Clay's?" I smiled, and he went on
with his overtures. "Well, Sir, here is
something in the children's way. Here are
cards of the Alphabet, illustrated by the cos-
tumes of various countries." And they were
well colored, striking to the eye, and appar-
ently well calculated to attract the attention
of the infantine observer, "like cobwebs to
catch flies." I remarked that my children
were too old to require such appliances.—

"Well, perhaps, you may have some of the
second generation, that you would like to
oblige." "Thank you; they are sufficient-
ly provided for." But here is something
for the lady, in the culinary Department."
And he put into my hands "The House-
wife," with receipts for making pies, &c.—
"No, Sir; but if you could get my cook to
read your Housewife, I would present him
with a copy. But the times are too hard for
me to throw away my money, or to deal in
any of your wares."

Having got through his little battery, he
passed from his labors, and took up his por-
tfolio to take his leave. I then turned my ar-
tillery of questions upon him: "You are an
American?" "Oh, yes! I come from Hart-
ford, Connecticut." "You are scarcely 19
yet?" "No—I am not so old." "Indeed!
You have been to Washington?" "Yes, I
was there some two or three weeks." "I
hope you did well there." "Not very. I
scarcely paid my expenses." "You have
been elsewhere?" "Yes; I left home about
18 months since. Have been to Mobile and
New Orleans." "I am afraid you met with
less success there than you expected?"
"Not much. Wherever I go, I hear of hard
times. The scarcity of money is an univer-
sal complaint. And in the Western States,
the currency is more distracted and vicious,
than it is with us." He said he had been a
student at Hartford—and took this method,
cheerless as it was, of adding to his little re-
sources. I expressed my regret that I could
not relieve him of any of his commodities, as
I wanted money myself more than any thing
—but I resolved in my heart, that if a line
in the newspapers could help on the young and
handsome stranger, he should have it fresh
from the mint. Should any of my townsmen
or townsfolk meet with him, I hope they
will receive him kindly, and open their hands
and purses to him. He is blessed with
health, and spirits, and energies. And I
cannot dismiss this portrait of a stranger,
without a passing tribute of admiration to the
industry and resources of the Northern char-
acter. (I will not use the common sobriquet,
lest I might be suspected of intending a
contumely, which I scorn to do.)

A LOOKER-ON IN VIENNA.

KILL OR CURE.—A good story is told of a
sharp fellow who promised a quick \$50 to
attend upon his wife through her sickness,
kill or cure. The woman died, and the
cure wanted his money.

"Why," exclaimed the man, in utter con-
sternation, "did you kill my wife?"
"The Lord preserve us—no!" replied the
poor doctor.

"Did you cure her?"
"Why, no."

"Then I have nothing to pay you; I
wanted you to kill or cure my wife—didn't
care much which—and you have done nei-
ther. Leave my house, sir; you must be an
imposter!"